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A LONG RANGE ASSAULT.

FRENCH PRESS. — Me kick at the British Lion? Boo! Who's afraid? Fashodia is avenged!



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AN OBJECTION.

FIRST SPECTATOR.—Sam plays purty good. I t'ink he learned in de rooms ob de Young Men's Christian Association.

SECOND SPECTATOR.—Wal, dat 'd be a good 'nuff place if dey did n't make yer play sich a t'irsty game.

THE ARDENT PARTISAN.

A GREAT MANY institutions have risen and fallen in the course of time, but history teaches us that the performance of the ardent partisan is continuous. The number of those who delight to appear in this rôle is by no means small. Although they differ from each other in many respects, they have certain characteristics in common, whether their ardor leads them into partisanship for the Republican Party, the Democratic Party, Tammany Hall, the Family Law Firm, Tin Plate, Free Silver, or Jones of the Golden Rule.

The ardent partisan has trenchant, strenuous and well-memorized views on any question. For, though his partisanship first awakes at the sound of the big bass drum of the political rally, he later extends the limits of his cult until it includes all objects of human interest. Hence, by the time he is old enough to vote, he can tell you, not only to which party you must belong if you love your country, but which variety of doctor has the monopoly of curing disease and which church contains all true believers. He has an answer ready for everything that savors of heresy, independence or the opposition, and it flames forth like a two-edged sword when occasion requires.

It used to be the custom for the ardent partisan to adopt the "time-honored principles" of his party and valorously to maintain them year in and year out. Sometime since, however, the party leaders got into the habit of making radical changes in their creed every four years, and the ardent partisan found himself caught napping occasionally and awoke to the fact that his time-honored principles were heresy. One or two expe-

riences were enough, and he now follows the leader's example. For three years and ten months he confidently proclaims the eternal principles of his party; but suddenly, amid the clamor heard on every hand, the voice of the ardent partisan no longer rises. Oracular outpouring has given place to sapient reserve. For about two months this regrettable silence continues. It is broken only when he has read exactly why his party condemns and arraigns the other; then his "time-honored principles" break forth again.

It is possible to enumerate only a few of the blessings that the ardent partisan asserts are attributable to the patriotic endeavors of his party. Among them are good crops, tin plate, low prices, gold mines, health, good morals, rain and Sabbath observance. He has a substantial amount of healthy loathing for his political opponent, but on occasion proclaims his respect for him, as a man who knows where he stands, though that standing-place is low, indeed; and as a man of principle, though his principles are, of course, odious in the eyes of right-minded people. He reserves his choicest contempt, his fiercest wrath for those who bear no party label. To his way of thinking they have no courage, or they would "come out" on one side or the other and stay there; no principle, else they would adopt his or his opponent's; no patriotism, or they would acknowledge that the country's safety depended upon the election of "the gallant upholder of the immortal principles of the founders of my party."

Surely, as the eulogist always says in closing, the republic is safe as long as the voice of the ardent partisan is heard in the land.

A. B. Keeler.

NOT UP TO DATE.

"In some respects the Boers are away behind the age."
"Oh, yes! For instance, it does not appear that their general has ever been known as Fighting Piet Joubert."

INFORMATION.

"Do you know what foxes are good for?" asked the boy with the inquiring mind.

"Good for fox-hunting, of course," replied his companion.

THEY DO say that it is as hard to get an audience with Mr. Astor, of London, as it is with one of Ibsen's plays.

EXPANSION is also the miracle which multiplies the political loaves and fishes.



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THE REAL THING.

FERDINALD.—And do you really love me?
FENELOPE.—Love you, Ferdinald! Why, only yesterday Papa asked me if I would n't sooner have a Cocker Spaniel, and I refused!

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A PIONEER.

"What 's all this? A new fad of the elephant's?
"Yes. He says the jungle ought to have a smart set and he 's starting one."

APPROPRIATE PUNISHMENT.

"It is proven that the piano was evolved from the primitive musical instruments of the Indian."
"Well, it would be all right then if a man scalped another for pounding-it."

NOT WORTH WHILE.

HE.—No; I never read books that are talked about.
SHE.—But why not?
HE.—It takes so much effort to explain if I don't like them.

TOO BAD.

SHE.—I am in such distress! I made a flaw in that diamond you gave me.
HE.—Why, how did you come to do that?
SHE.—I tried to cut some glass with it.

HIS EXPERIENCE.

MISSIONARY.—And you found no happiness in leading a double life?
SINNER.—I felt as if I were leading the lives of two dogs.

WITH AN ACCENT.

MR. JONES (meekly).—Did you ever see me anything but sober?
MRS. JONES.—Yes; last night you were *anything* but sober!

MANY OF US are willing to work in the Lord's vineyard as long as the Lord works in ours.



AN 'ODD CASE.

SHE.—Yes, that is May Jennings. *Such a peculiar girl, Mama.*
MAMA.—In what respect?
SHE.—Why, she broke off an engagement because her mother was opposed to it.

ALL THE SAME.

HEAD BARTENDER.—Here! You are not making that cocktail right!
ASSISTANT.—What 's the dif? This is the third one he 's had.

AN EXAMPLE.

'IKEY.—A safe bet is vun vich dere is no danger of losing, is it not, Fader?

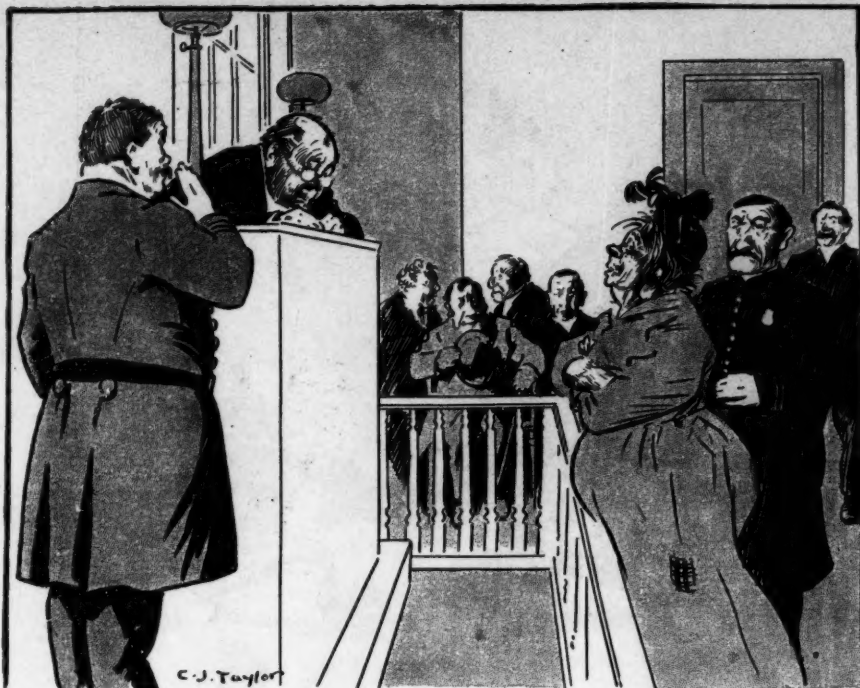
HIS FATHER.—Dot 's it—for instance, vun vich de odder barty has refused to accept.

VERY.

MAY.—Do you suppose Percy Wariegh is really as circumspect and good as he pretends to be?

MAUD.—Yes; I believe he is. Why, I don't believe he has a single letter or photograph that he 'll have to burn up the night before his wedding!

OF ALL the virtues none is more resplendent than success.



DIPLOMACY.

JUDGE.—What 's the next case? Plain drunk?
OFFICER.—Vis, yer Honor; but don't call her plain or we 'll have to tie her down!

PICKINGS FROM THE INTELLECT OF LITTLE PLATO SMITH.

HERE 'S TWO good words: Hired girls is permanent only temporarily.

Pa says a wife 's just like patent medicines—full directions accompany each and every one.

Folks 'most always laugh at the pictures I take of 'em with my camera, 'cause they look like 'em.

Ma says if Pa was n't such a coward he 'd have been dead long ago. Every time he gets a chill it scares him so that he busts out into a sweat.

Kind words is like money—everybody likes to have 'em come in, but it 's like pullin' teeth to spend 'em.

When folks is social equals, they don't have much trouble findin' somethin' else to fight about.

"Gawd bless our home," says Pa; "it 's the only place on earth where a man can let himself out without losin' business." Then he said a bad word and kicked the dog. *David Henry.*

IN CONFIDENCE.

FRIEND.—Is it true that the tonic did you a great deal of good?

ACTRESS.—Oh, yes! I received five hundred dollars for my testimonial.



A MODEST REQUEST.

RAILWAY CLAIMS AGENT.—So you claim forty dollars for that old bag of bones that was killed, eh?

FARMER SLYONE.—That 's what, B'gosh!

RAILWAY CLAIMS AGENT.—That 's the third horse of yours that has been killed on our road, is n't it?

FARMER SLYONE.—Yes—an' two good cows, besides.

RAILWAY CLAIMS AGENT.—Well, the next time you want any stock slaughtered, you 'll oblige us very much by letting us know a few days previously, so we can send around an experienced butcher, and thus run no risks of derailing our trains!

EXPLAINED.

KNICKER.—Wonder why Cholly 's so popular with the girls? He can't even express himself.

BOCKER.—No; but his father can pay the freight!

ABNORMAL.

MAMMY.—I would n't want no gal ob mine to marry dat Sam Johnson.

DINAH.—Yo' would n't?

MAMMY.—No. Why, dat fellah am jes' as crazy 'bout dress as a sensible niggah ud be 'bout watahmillions!

SPECIALY ADAPTED.

LION.—The giraffe has been chosen tenor of the glee club.

RHINOCEROS.—On what qualification?

LION.—His ability to reach the high notes!

POWER OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

"Yes," assented the Stork, modestly; "it is true that the population of Brooklyn is increasing.

You see, I am supported by public sentiment, while the trolleys are not."



THE DANCING DERVISH.

AND HOW HE ELUDED PAPA'S VIGILANT EYE.

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FATIMA.—O Dervish! here comes Popper! If he sees me here with you he will surely put us both to death!

THANKFUL FOR THAT.

HE (*rather backward*).—Miss Edith, y-you look sweet enough to kiss.

SHE.—Well! I 'm glad to know it is n't my fault.

A WILD MAN.

LION.—Good Gracious! Our keeper has a terrible temper, has n't he?

LIONESS.—It makes me shudder to think of it! I wonder if he was born in captivity?

THE DIFFERENCE between a wit and a humorist is that wit says things and a humorist writes them.

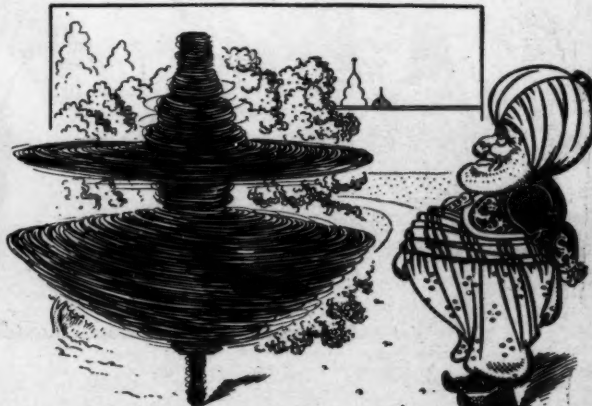
THE PROPHET is without honor in his own country, but seldom without competition.



II. THE DANCING DERVISH.—Be quick! He has n't seen us yet. Put those fair arms about my neck and cling tightly to me!



III. "Now, if I can only get a good start before he notices us. Ready? Let her go!"



IV. FATIMA'S FATHER.—Well! Well! Here 's a Dancing Dervish again! He goes so fast that you could never tell what it was if you did n't know!

THE PUZZLE.

(A Post-Christmas Soliloquy.)

H, PRECIOUS GIFT by fingers made
Whose tips I'd fain salute,
Your secret still is unbetrayed,
Your lips are closed and mute.
A dainty mass of ribbons blue,
Embroidery galore;
With tassels of a crimson hue—
I wonder what it's for.

Dear girl, I thank you for the gift,
And more for trust implied
That in my wisdom I'd make shift
Its uses to decide.
Such perfect faith in crafty man
Deserves requital high;
I'll do the best a lover can—
I'll solve the thing, or die.

'T is not of shape to hold a pipe,
(I'll try each one again);
Too nice it is for me to wipe
On it my trusty pen.
My foot is much too large to go
Its silken folds between;
(And, anyway, footwarmers grow
In pairs, right well I ween.)

Oh! pretty fabrication she,
The lass I worship, sent,
Why is it that you come to me?
Your purpose and intent?
(To all who kindly are disposed
To aid my quest, I am
Prepared, if postage is enclosed,
To mail a diagram.)

Edwin L. Sabin.

A MODEST REQUEST.

MRS. CHURCH (after services).—Well! the nerve of our pastor!

MR. CHURCH (who staid home).—What's up now?

MRS. CHURCH.—You know, last week we presented him with a horse and cutter?

MR. CHURCH.—Yes?

MRS. CHURCH.—Well, to-day he got in the pulpit and asked us to pray for snow!

PUGILISM AND THE LAW.

"Stringent prohibitory laws killed pugilism with us."

"Yes?"

"Yes; they made occasion for so many policemen to attend the fights that there was very little room left for paying patrons."

IT is always a more or less interesting question who fires the first shot in a war, though it seldom hits anybody.



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NO FAVORITISM.

LUCY.—I don't think Alice should encourage Lord Noplunks and the Marquis du Débris at the same time.

MAY.—Oh! she intends to be perfectly fair! She will accept the one who proposes first!



V.

"Well, that is great! He'll keep it up for hours, so I won't stay to see the finish."



VI.

THE DANCING DERVISH.—Ah, Light of my eyes! One moment and we will come to a stop! And he never saw us!



VII.

"Well, Fair One! farewell till to-morrow!"



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A WILY CONQUEROR.

BEATRICE.—Claude has jest ast me to attend de Metropolitan Opera House wit' him!

ANGELINE.—When?

BEATRICE.—Jest as soon as he gets money enough to buy a box!

ANGELINE.—Say! I could die fer a man like dat!



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE NEW YEAR. PUCK WISHES a happy New Year to all his readers. And just a word about good resolutions. In the unrestricted free coinage of resolutions intended to perfect your conduct the coming year, try this one and see if it does n't make you a profit. Resolve that you will not, no matter how enticing the temptation, try to get something for nothing. The essence of all morality is in that resolution; likewise the key to prosperity. If you were a client of the recent Mr. Miller of Brooklyn you probably do not need this advice. But enough of you escaped that amateur philanthropist to make it worth printing. Turn away from every man or syndicate that promises you ten per cent. a week on your investment. A little figuring will show that a man making that profit would own every dollar of money and every bit of real and personal property in the world in something less than five years. Such a genius does n't need your fifty or a hundred dollars to help him along; and he is n't going to sit up of nights to help you along, either. Instead of trying to get something for nothing, resolve to give more for what you do get. That is positively the only way to get more. Resolve to better the quality of whatever it is that you produce, whether you are a ditch-digger, a book-keeper, a manufacturer, or a railroad president. Your reward will be certain and the police will let you alone. And, to prove his sincerity, PUCK hereby resolves to be a better ten cents' worth the coming year than ever before.

QUAY AND ROBERTS.

MR. QUAY does n't know if he is going to be a Senator and Mr. Roberts does n't know if he is going to be a Representative. If it were a choice between them we would prefer Roberts. Mr. Roberts could marry one new wife a day from now to the end of time without, in our opinion, becoming as extremely undesirable as Mr. Quay is at this writing. We take Mr. Quay, however, as a matter of course; he has succeeded, thus far, in staying out of the penitentiary, and he is, therefore, respectable. But we grow hysterical over Mr. Roberts, who has never stolen a dollar, nor an election, so far as is known. Which proves that morality with us is more of a fad than a science. It looks as if both these gentlemen would be rejected; and doubtless that is well. But we wish that Quay could be rejected with as much highly moral indignation as Roberts will be.

TO PENSION DESERTERS.

SENATOR CULLOM has introduced a bill proposing a full amnesty for all deserters during the Rebellion and making them eligible to a place on the pension rolls. We have tried to word the thing simply, but you may have to read it over three or four times to comprehend it. There is no mistake of the type;—a bill introduced by a United States Senator to pension DESERTERS. No adequate comment could be made in public print. We wish only to record the absence of certain phenomena that sane persons would have expected to attend and to follow this exhibition of indecency. In the first place, Senator Cullom made no effort to conceal his identity when he introduced this bill: we learn that he did not wear a mask and did not hasten to secrete himself after its introduction. But, what is still more surprising,—and it should be remembered that ample time has elapsed—no committee of Veterans of the Rebellion, of G. A. R. members, or of plain, decent American citizens who love their country's traditions,—no committee of any sort, we say,—has gone to Washington, secured the person of Senator Cullom and kicked him at least ten consecutive times around the Capitol block. The Senator who thus insulted the Nation, the Senate and every honest veteran, is unkickd; and the Grand Army of the Republic still lives.

HAIL TO SIBLEY!

BELIEFS DIFFER as to why the world does n't go forward faster; but one of the admitted reasons is the sacredness we attach to our opinions. Especially to last year's opinions. Of course, we are affronted by any man who dis-sents from our present opinions. In thinking otherwise than we think we are convinced that he is taking an unwarranted personal liberty with us. The thing seems to us to combine all the elements of a public scandal. But we are far more grievously disturbed by the suspicion in our own mind, or the imputation by others, that we now hold opinions different from those we held last year. If such a charge be proved we feel we have been false to ourselves; that last year's opinions, if we be persons of mental integrity, were entitled to perpetual allegiance. This way of the human animal is what makes the case of Representative Sibley, of Pennsylvania, so exhilarating. Mr. Sibley was for Bryan in 1896. He predicted that McKinley's election would be followed by the hardest times the country had ever seen. He was very certain about it. He was as orthodox a pessimist as you could have found in the whole Bryan clan. Now, he says, he sees good times everywhere: forges blazing, shuttles weaving, and looms spinning, with every man who has a day's labor to sell finding a ready market for it. "So it occurs to me," he continues, "that somebody must have been mistaken, and perhaps that fellow was me. . . . The issue of 1896 is no longer an issue. In fact, it would be ridiculous to make it an issue for 1900." Mr. Sibley is a pretty great man. It takes a pretty great man to get rid of opinions that no longer fit him. He has set an example of courage and true consistency that might be of value to the Democratic party if it were not led by men whose brains have petrified; and who, therefore, can never learn anything new.

UNLESS WAR should be abolished, the survival of the fittest will result in the elimination of a great many brave men who can't shoot.

THE WAR in South Africa ought at least to decide the relative merits of sand in the disposition and sand in a sand-bag.

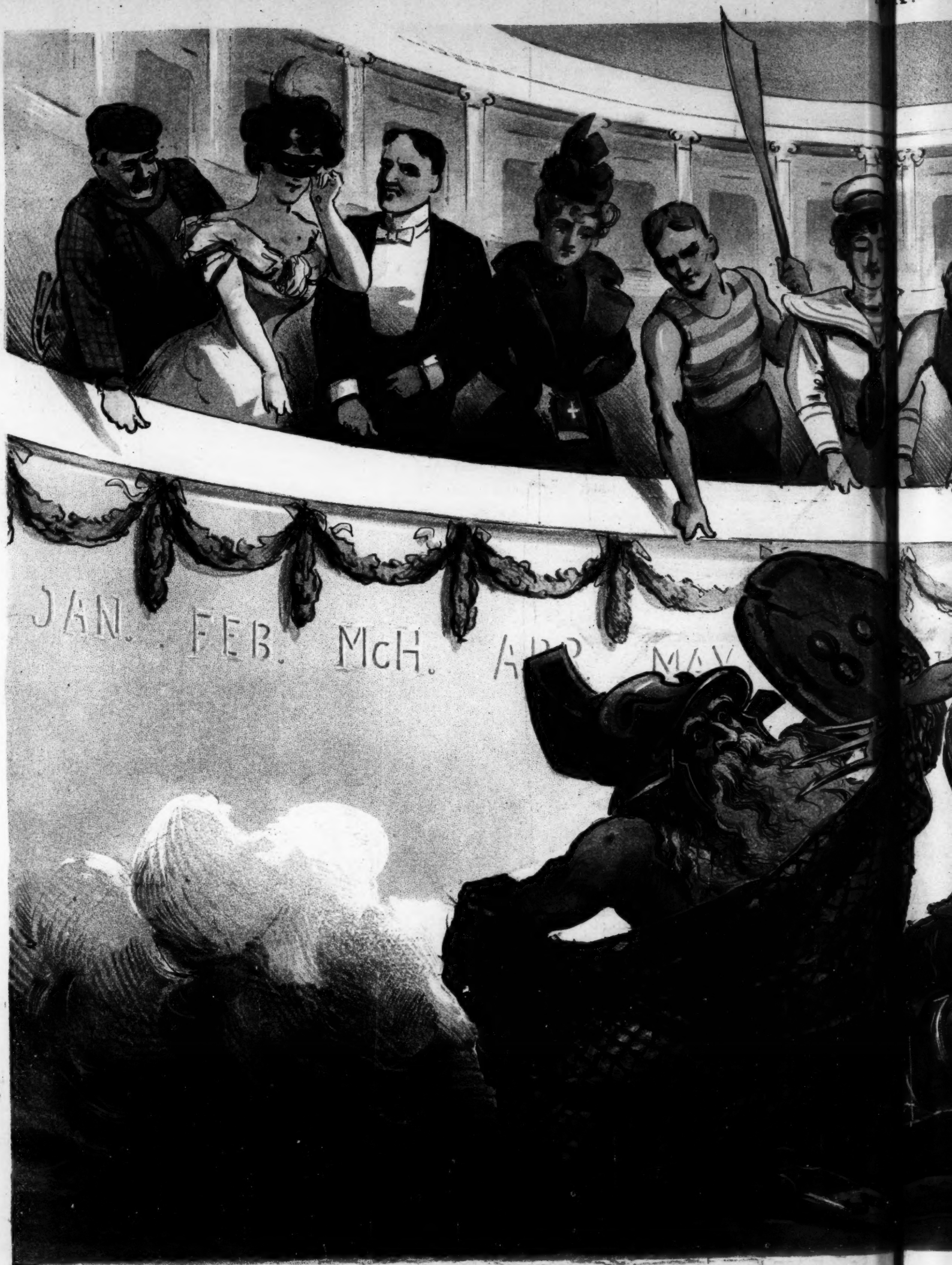


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A GREAT BLESSING.

PERCY.—They say this Philippine war is going to be a great, good thing for this country!

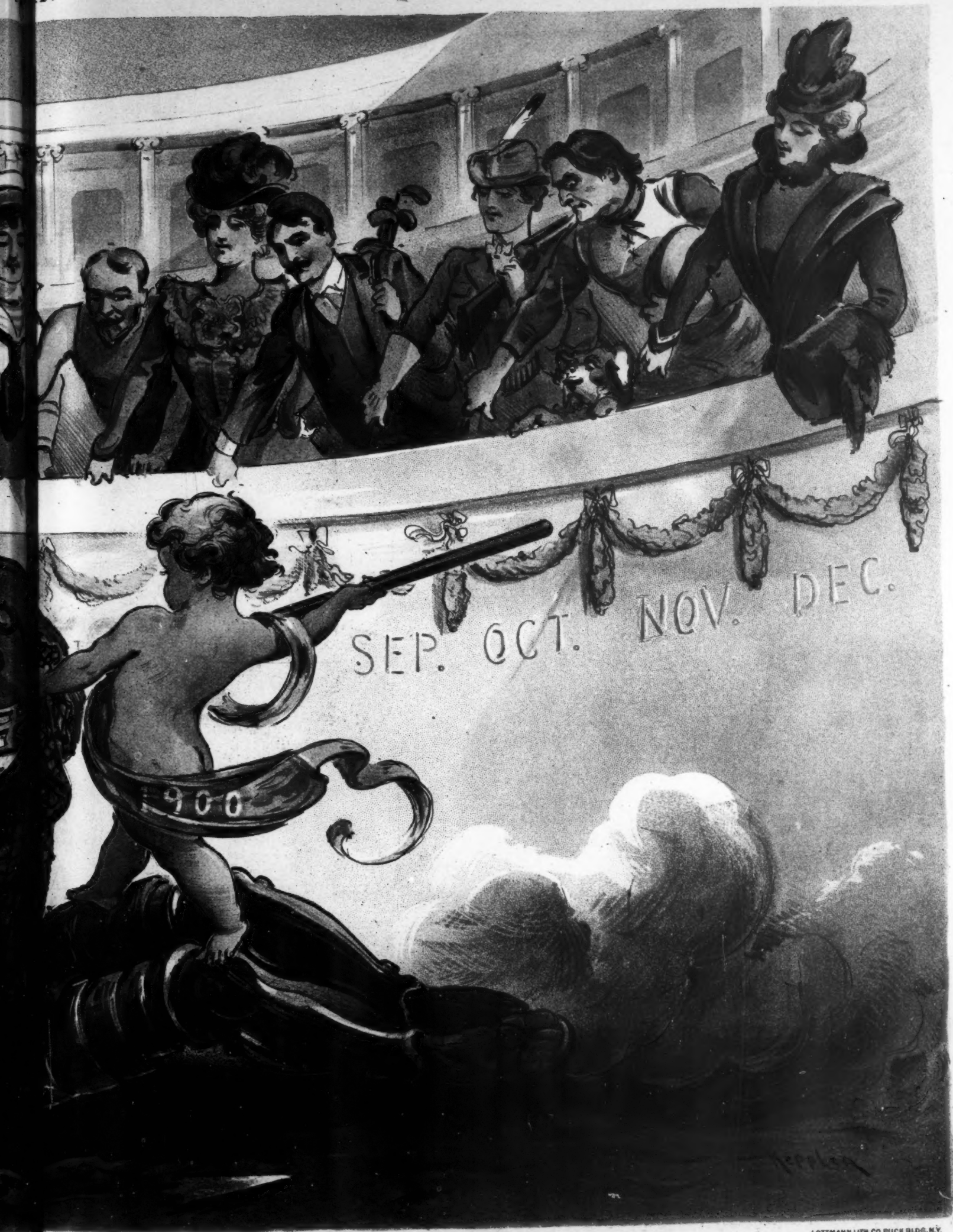
FERDY.—It can't help but be, old chappie! Just think what a crop of ancestors it's going to turn out for future generations!



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HAIL TO THE VICTOR

K.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

TO THE VICTOR!



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PARADOXICAL.

MANAGER RURALVILLE THEATRE. — Who 's that feller with your show that 's all the time cursin' and swearin' about something?
PROPRIETOR UNCLE TOM'S CABIN COMPANY. — Oh! that 's our angel.

MR. J. BULL UNIONJACK'S LETTER TO LONDON.
ON THE KAISER.



“EDAD!” said Mulligan, “’t is wonderful how some folks impr-rove as they get oulder. Now, there 's Schwarzenkopf's an' the Pr-ince of Wales's frind, the Imp'ror of Jarmany. Whin he shtarted in business he was nothin' but a cr-racked-brained youngsther that kept folks guessin' what sort av a fool he wud mek av himsilf nixt. If ye think thot 's too shtrong, rade what anny av the London papers said av him up to the toime ould Kruger wint on the warpath. He had a cr-razy notion thot hivin intinded him to rule the Jarman payple, an' instid av bein' contint wit' bein' a figure-hid an' thankin' his shtars thot he cud dhrav a salary wit'out airnin' it, nothin' ud do Willyum but he must run the whole shootin'-match an' have as much to say as Misther Platt or Misther Cr-roker. I dunno if they think hivin intinded thim to rule the payple; but whether it did or not, they've got there jist the same. An' so if an idditor said annything onplisint about Willyum, instid av shuin' him for libel in a civiloized way an' gettin' six cints damages, Willyum ud clap the poor man in jail. An' we all thought what a wonder it was thot the gr-reat an' intilligint Jarman payple wud shtand for sich nonsinse an' why they wud n't foire the young man out an' establish a raypublic wit' a boss in ivery town. An' Willyum writ pothry an' music an' painted picthers an' sich things as thim, thot always makes a man's fri'nds an' acquaintances begin to think he is n't roight in the upper shtory. An' he hobnobbed wit' the Czar av Roosha an' shocked us be callin' on thot monsther, the Sooltan av Tur-rkey, instid av thratin' the br-rute as the other Christian powers did — daynouncin' but not lickin' him; sindin him ultymattums but takin' div'lish good care to sind nothin' else — for fear it moight get issolated, mebbe — an' assurin' the Armay-nians thot they 'd niver want for his sympathy an' moral support. An' he did so many str-range things thot nobody ud been surprouised if some day he 'd have cabled Captain Coghlan to come over an' have a glass av beer wit' him.

“But thot 's all over now. He 's sowed his diplomatic woid oats an' he 's tuk dinner wit' the Pr-ince av Wales. An' the Pr-ince, Oi 'm told, thrated him as if there was nothin' in the wur-ruld too good for him.

“Wud Yer Majesty loike to have some music afther dinner?” says the Pr-ince. “Somethin', we 'll say, from the Guttherdamrung or the Nibble-Jungen Lied? Or, if ye 'll prolong yer Impayrial visit, we 'll play the whole av the Guttherdamrung — 't will take but tin days or two wakes, Oi belave.”

“Oi have n't toime,” says Willyum. “But there 's a little thing

Oi 've writ mesilf — a gran' op'ry in sivinteen acts — thot Oi 'd loike ye to hear.”

“May the Lord presave us!” says the Pr-ince to himsilf. “But England is in a toight place an' we must mek concissions.”

“So, says he, ‘Oi 'd be dayloighted, Yer Majesty.’

“Oh! Oi have n't it wit' me,” says Willyum; “but the fir-rst toime yer in Berlin —” An' the Pr-ince br'athed aisier.

“There 's a little Oisland in the Passific,” says the Pr-ince in the afternoon, “thot Oi 'd loike to mek ye a pr-risint av whin ye 're goin' away. It 's but a throifle — some twinty thousand naygurs an' a few palm threes. Will ye do me the favor av acceptin' it?”

“Oi will thot,” says Willyum, hear-rtily. “Oi 'll Jarmanize thim naygurs an' hev thim singin' the Watch on the Rhoin an' committin' lees majesty in no toime.”

“An' if Roosha an' Fr-rance shud jump on us,” says the Pr-ince, “Oi have no doubt ye cud lick both av thim wit'out throuble? Av coorse we cud do it ousilves if we were n't so busy, but 't wud be inconvaynient at the pr-risint toime. For, though Br-ritania shtill rules the waves, she 's havin' the devil's own toime on dhry land. An' though, in the ivint av a foight, we moight not be able to shpare ye anny throops, we cud give ye a devil av a lot av good advice. Oi 'm a Field Marshal in the ar-rmy, mesilf, ye know, though Oi have n't been doin' much at it av late, an' folks are apt to forget it.

But Oi 've larned a dale about the ar-rt av war since the fur-rst av Novimber an' Oi can give ye p'int about managin' yer throops. Give yer gin'rals shstrict orders not to get issolated. Aiven if it does thim no gr-reat har-rum, it raises the devil wit' the folks at home. 'T is a wicked an' cruel thing this issolation, an' it 's me own opinion it 'shud have been put an ind to be the Pace Conference. Thin, whin yer cavalry goes out afther a floyin' foe, it shud be accompanied by a chaperon. An' beware av an inimy thot continues to advance afther he 's been routed. 'T is ag'in' all the pr-rinciples av war an' it upsits iverybody, from the commanther-in-chafe wit' his plans av campaign to the war poet wit' his thriumphal ode. Kape the war correspondents in the rear, Willyum. If ye foind thim on the foirin' line, foire thim. Sind thim back where the play av their imaginations will not be distur-rbed by Mauser bullets. Don't take too much shtock in rumors. Belave nothin' but official rayports an' don't be too hasty in acciptin' thim. An' — but did Oi undershtand ye to say ye cud lick Fr-rance an' Roosha, if they shud jump on us?”

“Oi can, indade,” said Willyum.

“An' ye wud do it, if nicissary?” axed the Pr-ince, anxiously.

“Oi said Oi cud,” says Willyum, wit' a diplomatic shmoile.

“Well,” says the Pr-ince, “mebbe they 'll think ye will. Oi suppose we must let it go at thot.”

“An' thot, as far as Oi know,” said Mulligan, “is the way the Anglo-Jarman alloiance shtands at pr-sint.”



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PUCKOGRAPHS. — XXXIII.

THE MAN WITH THE \$25,000 HEAD.



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A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BALLADE TO THE SEASON'S COSTUME.

OW THE wind 's ever on the alert,
And the sky hangs low, leaden and dark;
Seeking shelter, dead leaves with a spurt
Hunt for corners and holes in the park;
Echo 's now said good-by to the lark,
And the world 's e'en by Winter begirt;
But that 's nothing, as you may remark,
To the Girl in the Rainy Day Skirt.

Puff-cheeked Boreas tries to subvert
All the earth that his breath has stripped stark;
Of his might he will howl with a blurt
Unto all who will, shivering, hark;
But the howl or the bite or the bark
Brings no fear, we may dare to assert,
To the queen of the time, you remark,
To the Girl in the Rainy Day Skirt.

Ah! how neatly she 's booted and girt
In trim raiment quite up to the mark!
When she 's passed in our hearts there 's a hurt
Where we 've suffered the touch of Love's spark;
When she 's passed the day once more grows dark
With a gloom that we can't controvert;
We 're still thinking, as you may remark,
Of the Girl in the Rainy Day Skirt!

L'ENVOI.
Charming maid, as you walk through the park,
With quick steps and eyes ever alert,
You will pardon us if we remark,
We 're in love with your Rainy Day Skirt!
Wood Levette Wilson.



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PARDONABLE.

THE MONKEY.—Pray, forgive my rudeness; but I have got something in one of my teeth!

A PERFECT SYSTEM OF MNEMONICS.

AUNT FILURA.—When was it you had the crick in your back, Silas?

UNCLE SILAS.—Let 's see. Was n't it last Winter when I was takin' the Jump-Up Tonic? No; it seems as if it was a year ago last Winter when I was takin' Gall's Liver Polish. Or, it may have been early in the Spring when I was tryin' that box of Graymatter & Pulp's Brain Salve. No; now I know for sure. It was two years ago last Winter when you an' I was wearin' them Dr. Ketchem's Anti-Spasmodic Insoles.

A LONG STEP AHEAD.

FITZWILLIAMS.—Our friend Smith has become more swell than ever.

FITZJOHNSON.—What has he done, now?

FITZWILLIAMS.—He has got to writing his name Smythe-Smythe.

HOW LONG?

MISS N. EWSY.—I see that the papers say Mrs. Weeds and the Captain are to be married as soon as her period of mourning is over.

MISS DE WITTE.—Period, indeed! With most of these widows their periods seem to be merely question marks!

PAPA'S THEORY.

MAMA.—I can't imagine what Baby is crying for now.

PAPA.—Just to keep in practice, I suppose. He may not want anything just now, but he can't tell when he will.

A THEORY.

ISAACS.—I see vere a man vent undt bought his own tombstone. I don't understand vot anybody vants to do dot for.

COHENSTEIN.—May be he t'ought tombstones vos goin' up.

USED TO HARD LUCK.

MEPHISTOPHELES (at home).—How do you like the place?

THE ACTOR (indifferently).—Oh! I 've been stranded in all sorts of places.

EVERY ONE is individual according to his abilities—and most of us are pretty general.

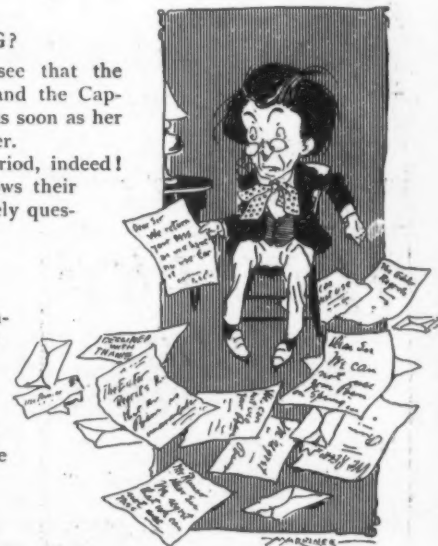
THE SELF-MADE man generally uses a good many of the mistakes of other people in his construction.



HIS BEGINNING.

KIND LADY.—You say you used to be a poet?
TRAMP.—Yes'm; that 's how I got my start!

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THE POET'S NEW YEAR.

"Many returns of the day."

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"I don't know what
you mean," said the
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"Why, colors that
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Statesman*.

Ale Evans Stout



Enough said !!

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Insist on it being on the menu.

NEWLYWED.—Is your wife much on
mending?

OLDBOY.—Mending? Why, she
would n't even patch up a quarrel! —
The Kitchen.

SOME men who can't earn their salt talk the
best kind of sense. — *Atchison Globe*.

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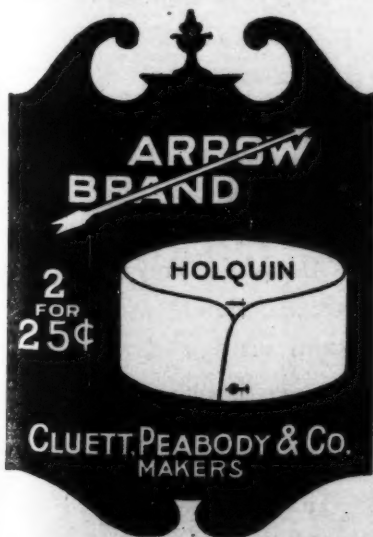


PROOF.

CON VIVIAL (the next morning).—I knew this room was going up and down and around and around when I came home last night! Just see how the motion upset everything!

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"Well," answered the blunt citizen who had been reading of the Dreyfus case, "maybe they can paint artistically and sing artistically and dance artistically. But I'm blest if they can lie artistically."—*Washington Star*.

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A QUERY TO ALDERMAN O'FLYNN.



LECTION-DAY is gone and past, three mont's now, more or liss,
And the 'Ward is still ag'in and sittled down,
Fer the sorrers av the losers are all dhrowned in dhrink, Oi guiss,
And the winners have quit paintin' up the town,
The brand-new Boord av Aldermen has mit in City Hall,
And the candidate Oi worked for is swore in;
Oi suppose he 's filled with bliss, but Oi 'd loike to ax him this:
"Do Oi git the job yer promised me, O'Flynn?"

Whin the proimarys was over and the Hogan gang wint out,
Sure, O'Flynn come cryin' baby down ter me
And he tuk me ter McCarty's and he more than stood the shout,
Fer he loved me loike a brother, don't yer see.
"Av yer 'll use yer best influence and turn Hogan down," he says,
"Ye can have yer pick av places there and thin."
Will, Oi helped him whin he run; — but for me he 'd niver won.—
"Do Oi git the job yer promised me, O'Flynn?"

In thim days befor the votin' ivery livin' toime we 'd meet
"It was, "Ha! me ould fri'nd Dinny! have a dhrink!"
But the other-marnin', moind yer, whin Oi mit him on the shreet,
Sure, he passed me by and niver tipped a wink.
He was dhressed in all his grandeur, with his cady and his shtick,
And a blazin' diamond undern'ath his chin;
He was far too proud ter see sich a common lad as me. —
"Do Oi git the job yer promised me, O'Flynn?"

Oi 've been aisy-loike and quiet, thinkin' sure that he 'd report;
But Oi 'll wait no more fer that, at all, at all,
And Oi 'll catch him some foiner marnin' whin he 's shtrollin' down our court,
And Oi 'll gintly bang his head ag'in the wall;
And Oi 'll knock his shiny dicer ter the middle av nixt wake,
Jist ter lit him see Oi 'm riddy ter begin;
Thin Oi 'll draw me fist back, so, and Oi 'll ax him soft and slow,
"Do — Oi — git — the — job — yer — promised — me, — O'Flynn?"

Joe Lincoln.

SYSTEMATIC WARFARE.

"Say," said the Filipino courier, breathlessly, "General Otis has captured
Imus, again!"
"Well," replied the unruffled Aguinaldo, "it was his turn, to-day."

THE INDICATIONS are that Kruger will not lift the suzerainty this year.

THE LOOK of Mr. Chamberlain's monocle leaves no doubt that any raise which
Mr. Kruger chooses to make in the present game will be seen.



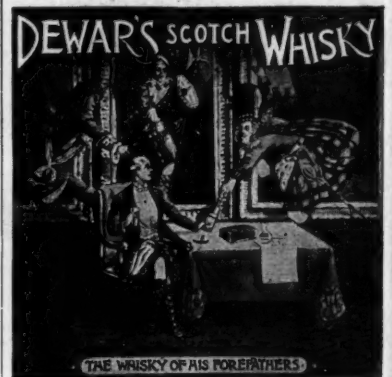
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A SORRY OUTLOOK.

LEVY.—Der Jews are rapidly monopolizing all der peesness off der country.
ISAACS (sadly).—Ach, yes! Preddy soon dere vill pe nobody left dot ve can shtick!



ACTS GENTLY ON THE
**KIDNEYS, LIVER
AND BOWELS**
CLEANSES THE SYSTEM
DISPELS EFFECTUALLY,
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one is enough. You can
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The Curing Power, Known as Weltmerism,
Causes Interesting Resolutions to be
Passed by the Commercial Club.

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"Resolved, That we point with special pride to the great and humane work being performed in this city by Prof. Weltmer in the cause of humanity, the discovery of a new science, and the founding of a great school and sanitarium of magnetic healing, the beneficial results of which are attested by hundreds of men and women from every state in the Union, with whom we have come in personal contact, the integrity of whom can not be successfully assailed.

"Resolved, That in the person of Prof. Weltmer the people of this city owe a lasting debt of gratitude, not only for his wonderful success in healing the sick and distressed, but for his generous and open-handed charity.

"Resolved, That we have ever found in him the highest type of a citizen, broad and progressive, liberal in his views, a good and kind neighbor, a man of peace, with a world of charity toward all mankind, and is, in our estimation, one of the bright and gifted men of the century.

"Resolved, That this great magnetic school and sanitarium is a credit to any city, and the high moral plan upon which it is conducted is worthy of all praise. We know personally all the officers, the professors and attendants, both men and women, and they stand well in this community. We can vouch for their high moral character, and their faith in the avocation in which they are engaged. And as such we, the members of this club and citizens of Nevada, unqualifiedly indorse this institution, not only to the people of our own state, but to the world."

The Commercial Club is composed of the leading business and professional men living in Nevada, Mo.

THE office test for heroism has destroyed a great many popular idols.—*Washington Post*.

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A MAN who can be fooled the same way four times is a fool.—*Atchison Globe*.

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ONE GOOD POINT.

JIMMY.—Yes; I got a licking for swiping jam! But there's one good thing about a licking!

JOHNNY.—What's that?

JIMMY.—It makes you forget all about your conscience!

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THE THREE WAITS.

TRUDGING along through the Christmas snow
The waits were laughing together;
Hood and jorkin, and cloak close-drawn,
They cared no jot for the weather.
The lights of the great hall shone afar.
"What, ho!" said Dickon, the treble;
"Think of the ale that Nan will bring,
And her teasing—the little rebel!"

"Think of the silver pennies, lads!"
Dan chuckled, "and what they're bringing!"
But Roger had never a word to say,—
He was dreaming of the singing.
So under the great old walls they came
Where the ivy clambered and clung,
And somebody threw the casement wide—
The chatelaine, gentle and young.

Oh! sweet the carols the waits sang out—
Lusty of heart and voice!
And the little maid in the window framed
Felt her heart sing, too, "Rejoice!"
For the stars and the night and the crisp new snow
And the wintry, tingling air,
For the carols dear and the fair-haired lad,
Singing so joyously there.

Dickon, the treble, he had his ale,
And a kiss from his buxom Nan;
And the 'Squire came down and with high good-will
Gave silver and praise to Dan.
But Roger, the singer, had naught, had naught,
As he fared by the starry gleam,
But a Christmas rose from the casement cast,
And, warm in his heart, a dream!

Florence E. Pratt.



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